
Title: Yew Times #5

Author: Yew Town Council

TAVERN NIGHT

Next week's Tavern Night
will be at the The
Modest Damsel at 56o
25'S, 166o 13'E in
Magincia, Trammel on
07/25/11.

CURRENT NEWS

MUSEUM OF DEATH SUFFERS POOR FATE

Tragedy struck Saturday,
when flames erupted from
the Museum of the
Macabre during its grand
opening to the public.
Patrons were escorted to
safety as bucket brigades
battled the conflagration
to no avail. Those loyal
to the museum's curator,
managed to to rescue all
but a decorative cabinet
from the burning
structure. Investigators
are questioning witnesses
on an alleged individual
fleeing the scene of the
event.

WAR HERO VINDICATED

Today marks a triumphant
day for an unsung hero
whose name was finally
vindicated and came about
as a result of some very
unusual circumstances.
While browsing an
antiquities shop, Thomas
Brower discovered a
carved figurine in uniform
that strongly resembled
himself. What followed,
was a personal quest
that would eventually

clear his father's name.
Thomas' father, Marcus
Brower had long suffered
the stigma of having been
named a deserter in the
war against Minax's
forces and he and his
family would endure the
slurs of the locals, calling
him a coward and a
traitor. Sadly, Marcus
claimed that he could not
recall what happened in
those days, and those
facts would remain
shrouded in mystery until
the discovery of the
figurine. The carving was
that of his own father,
Thomas had learned from
the shop owner, as well
as the name of artist
who had created it.
Thomas then travelled to
meet with the artist, who
was a survivor of the
massacre at Paws. When
the artist discovered with
whom he was speaking, he
promised to make a
concerted effort to
locate other survivors, so
that the story could be
told. And what a story it
was. When Corporal
Brower arrived at Paws
35 years prior, he was a
scout sent on a mission
to report back enemy
troop numbers and
armament. Slipping past
enemy patrols and guards,
he came upon a hamlet
with survivors numbering
no more than 30, as
Minax's troops
systematically eliminated
anyone deemed a possible
threat. The remainder
were those with no
martial training; tailors,
cooks, artists, etc. It
was those individuals that
he would secretly rally to
use their own knowledge
and talents to deliver a
crushing blow against the
town's occupiers and

avenge the deaths of the
slaughtered villagers.
Enemy forces in Paws
were gathering as a
spearhead against Trinsic.
In the time that he
remained concealed in the
village, Brower was able
to coordinate several acts
of covert sabotage.
Working with the miller,
they let slip a concealed
location cache of
deliberately tainted grain,
which the enemy forces
were willing to utilize for
their own rations. With
the assistance of a local
artist, Brower had maps
drawn to replace the
ones the enemy would be
using to coordinate the
attack against Trinsic.
Heavy seige equipment and
calvary would be bogged
down in swamps not
appearing on the new
maps. Travel routes would
pass through lizardmen
encampments. When the
spearhead was launched a
smaller retinue remained
behind as a safety
measure. Brower's luck
did not hold out as he
was captured following an
inspection of the village,
resulting in a brutal
interrogation that
rendered him comatose.
Inspired by Brower's
example, the village tailor
fabricated two uniforms
closely modeling the ones
worn by the occupying
forces. Two volunteers
donned the uniforms and
attempted to carry the
injured scout to a safe
location, but were unable
to carry him past enemy
lines, due to guards
posted around the
perimeter of town. The
town's coffinmaker
proposed the unique
solution of placing
Brower's unconscious body

in a coffin, and
conspicuously carrying the
coffin for burial outside
the town limits. However,
guards insisted upon
accompanying the burial
party, and Marcus Brower
was buried and remained
so for 2 days, when two
villagers slipped past the
posted guards in the
night and were able to
disinter him. The two
faithfully delivered their
charge to a nearby
hermitage, where he was
presumed to have been
treated for his injuries.
The two men returned
from their errand back
to the village so as not
to arouse suspicion. Soon
afterwards, the spearhead
failed, the war ended, and
the people of Paws often
wondered whatever
happened to the hero who
came to their village.

BROWNIES MIX UP TROUBLE IN YEW

Brownie workers are in
custody after a string of
incidents following their
departure from their
previous employment with
a popular footwear firm.
By a consensus, the idle
band decided to try their
hand at an entirely new
business enterprise, when
Yew foresters discovered
the group attempting to
haul an oven into a yew
tree, which had been
conveniently carved out
for the purposes of
establishing a cookie
factory. The brownies
asserted that they
attempted to go through
proper channels but were
thwarted at every turn.
However, town locals
countered that the
devious group made every
attempt to circumvent
proper procedure, even

going so far as listing
their business as "elven
run" to curry favor with
Heartwood denizens. Nana
the sweet at the Jolly
Baker pointed at a
framed scroll on wall of
her bakery as she stated.
"This is a charter from
Lord British, himself, for
this establishment to
serve as Yew's
provisioner of baked
goods, and we meet the
needs of this town quite
adequately without having
to jockey against a bunch
of foreigners, thank you
very much." Eric Flamell,
a resident woodsman had
been cutting firewood,
when he confronted the
brownies during a previous
attempt to gut out one
of the ancient, giant
yews. The woodcutter who
was livid, expressed
concern that their
reckless activities might
compromise a key support
keeping Heartwood aloft,
resulting in unnecessary
elven casualties;
threatening to report
them to the foresters if
they persisted. But the
warning went unheeded,
and they moved on to
yet another location to
pursue their obsession. In
the aftermath, foresters
felt that a horrible
tragedy had been averted
with ovens, trees, and
feckless feys making a
sure recipe for disaster.
Legal counsel has
prepared an amnesty deal
for the brownie group,
provided that they never
return to the region. The
chief spokesman for the
brownie group seemed
affable to the deal and
is looking at future
prospects of converting
ore carts into concession
stands for the hungry

lunch crowds in the
mining town of Minoc.

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Good Day, Readers,
My name is Corinthian,
and as one of the
writers of the Yew
Times,
I'd like to dedicate this
segment to a very close
personal friend of mine,
my virtue armor, who
gets picked on all the
time. So today, I wrote a
song about him.

Oh, virtue armor, you
can't wait to assist.
You give me 70 in every
resist. And no other
armor will I ever don,
because you sparkle for
me when I put you on.
You're full of virtue, all
righteous and pure a
hundred percent blessed;
no need to insure
You've always been there,
right at my side

and waiting in my pack
whenever I've died.
I save tons of gold on
any repairs. because you
fix yourself; no other
armor compares
You are full plate armor
that won't make a sound,
and give me away when I
sneak around. In order to
complete you, I had to go
on a quest, and as far
as quests go, it was the
best. It had sex and
adventure, and even
romance, And I'd do it
again, if I had the
chance. Oh, virtue armor,
you are awesome.

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